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SEALED UNTO HIM.

A Story of the Early Days of Normalism.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER III.

A LOST WOMAN.

As day began to blossom dimly on the peaks, as if they were mighty flowers in a garden kissing heaven, we came to another little willow-lined stream, crossed it, and silently drew the wagons in a little circle in the shelter of the large leaning willows, and unyoked the patient and weary cattle.

It had been nearly dark a long time. That darkest hour which precedes dawn had covered all things for the last few miles. It was only by the aid of the friendly Indian, who led the oxen at the head of the advance team, that we had been able to find our way to this camp. The women and children of course were asleep in the wagons. The men plodded along patiently, and kept very still.

The long, black, haunting bog, that had crept down from out the long, strong grass, and had drawn on and over the white shore of salt, following stealthily, silently, certainly as a shadow, had not been seen for hours. And even then it was far in the rear. The salt and the sand were heavy and deep. The man at last, even giant as he was, must have had hard work to move his burrow here. Surely he had broken down, sickened maybe: "died, let us hope," whispered one to another of the terrified little band as they unyoked the tired cattle and turned them up the banks of the willow stream, watched them, and kept them close to the willows so that they might not be seen by the Danites.

The members of the little party, as light descended upon the dark waters, found themselves still close to the banks of the glittering lake. They had travelled in a sort of crescent around an arm on the north end of the sea. The camp was a pleasant one. The little island with the three trees was not so very far away. It lay almost between this camp and the one they had left the night before. The solitary rock, with its horrid association of a dead body in chains, was suggestively near—too near. No one spoke of this as the light came down and revealed it. Yet all thought of it. The willows broadened and the valley widened up this little rivulet, and the grass was rank and abundant. Quail were heard here piping in the dewy grass. A flock of prairie hens flew overhead and settled down within ear gunshot. But no man thought of raising his gun. The report would possibly bring the unwelcome guest, the ghostly shadow, whom all were hoping, as they prepared their breakfast, keeping the smoke subdued, had gone down in the sea of salt.

One of the men who were watching the little declared that he saw a wild creature in the willows. Suddenly, and before it was yet quite dawn, Nettie Lane, now a terrified and half-naked woman, crept into camp. What a sight! Woods were not abundant here. These willows were the only kind of protection in which any fugitive might find shelter the whole region around. And here she had been hiding, living on berries, sleeping in the willows, in the tall grass, waiting, praying for some one to come that way with whom she could trust her life and that which is more that life to woman.

No need of questions or of answers now. The dead body and its companions in chairs down by the black rock which rose from the lake by the little island, how silently told the whole terrible story. The two mute and sullen Danites that had slumped past, spoke to the man by the coffin and disappeared; the silent men that followed and searched and searched the rank grass and willows, and looked in every direction for some one, need not open their lips now. All understood the whole terrible tale.

"They had been judged, and were not."

The tragedy had taken place, or rather the murders had been committed, on this very stream, and not far from this very spot: as some blond stains a little way up the stream still bore testimony.

Everything, of course, of value had been taken; "they had been judged, and were not." Their property was confiscated to the Church. How the girl had escaped she hardly knew herself. And indeed no one asked directly. You do not understand?

Well, when you reflect that no one could trust his neighbor, you will comprehend why no one spoke above a whisper now; and you will not be surprised that she was not pressed to tell her tale. Words are not the most eloquent things to tell a story with any way. Even the children huddled together in groups as they crept out of the wagons, and understood, and were silent as Indians.

The girl sat down by the water, well covered, and ate some bread. Then after a while, with the help of some pitying women, she combed out her long splendid black hair and tied it up with a ribbon. She was even then strangely beautiful.

The men kept looking up and down the stream as if half expecting the Danites to dash in upon them from almost any quarter at almost any moment. A steep high hill rose abruptly before us. To move or with the girl and so escape by sudden flight before discovered—this was a doubtful experiment, and yet some wanted to try it at all hazards. It seemed that if we could climb that ridge that

rose steeply before us, and drive straight and steadily ahead till we came to Green River, we might escape. Anyway we were too terrified to remain here. Things were poked up, the weary oxen again yoked and all was ready for an advance.

"One thing to our advantage, the old spy is off the track anyhow," said a woman to her husband as she handed him his ox whip.

The man looked at her, crooked his thumb just a little down the stream toward the lake, and said nothing. There sat the singular man composed by the side of his coffin, quietly reading a book as usual, and munching a morsel of dry bread.

Just when he had come no one knew. Perhaps he had passed the little party in the night by a shorter path, known only to himself and his Danites.

How ever, it was all-important that no one should seem alarmed at his presence; and then what else could be done? All was now ready for moving on. We could not stop now without showing fear. At the last moment the girl, between two women, and quite concealed by their shawls, crept into a wagon with a party of children. The little train stretched itself out and began to start bravely up the hill toward the west. The leader stopped, threw up a hand! And there on this hill, right across the dim road, a party of horsemen suddenly drew rein.

"Danites!"

It was whispered—this one word, and that only by the women. The train, which had not fairly started, was stopped, the children came out of the wagons. The girl even came out, and there was no concealment of any kind. This was best and honest. These people were not prepared or disposed to fight. The first impulse of an American is to fight when wronged or in peril, no matter what the odds. But when hunted down, and led into submission by this semi-religious lot of madmen—these Guitaues—it was quite another matter. Even a larger party, I am sure, had stood still and waited the approaching Danites as this party did.

There was but one question. Had the girl's beauty saved her, or had she escaped by change and skill? Would her beauty save her now? Not likely. She knew too much now to live.

The party of armed and long-haired horsemen rode down the hill toward the camp, against the rising sun, very leisurely now. Their long desperate search was over. They knew at a glance from the hill that the fugitive was with this party; that we were trying to set out with all speed at this unusual hour to save her by flight.

The girl's first impulse was to dash into the thicket again. But she was very weak and wretched. Better to die where she stood. She put her hands to her throat, her breast, as if feeling about in a wild way to know where they would strike her with their long knives as they leaned from their saddles. She seemed choking and could hardly breathe. The world was passing away. Her head sank on her breast. She was silently waiting to die.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.

NORTHWEST DREZZES.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 19, 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—The press of the Northwest has taken hold of the problem as to what the farmers of Minnesota and Dakota must do to become fairly successful in their business. The results of a season have convinced every fair minded man that wheat cannot be depended upon. A profit of \$15 per acre is not enough to support the farmer and family, keep his farm in good condition and help pay off the mortgage, but that is about all that can be made by raising wheat. So that now, instead of long editorials about the advantages of raising No. 1 hard wheat, the papers teem with articles urging and praying the farmers to raise stock, and bright pictures are drawn showing the wealth to be derived from the dairy, &c. The breeding of blooded stock is urged, and farmers are told how they should buy only thoroughbred Jerseys or Shorthorns.

This to the average farmers of the Northwest is like inviting him to invest in diamonds when he cannot afford bread. But the farmers of the Red River Valley are to be helped out by the president of the railroad which traverses this "Lake Park" region. This apparently philanthropic individual owns 3,200 acres of land and water about eight miles from St. Paul, where he has some choice specimens of Jerseys, Shorthorns and Polled Aberdeen—Angus. He has also, enroute from Great Britain about 30 Polled Angus bulls of fine strain, and within the next two years expect to import about 100 of these animals. His scheme is to distribute these bulls in the counties adjoining his road where they will be kept in charge by a competent man for the use of farmers who desire to improve their stock.

A fee will be charged sufficient to cover expenses, and probably leave a profit for the owner. The gentleman does not wish to figure as a benefactor, but there is no doubt but that he has hit upon a most sensible and practical plan to improve the condition of the farmer as well as his stock.

A prominent stock raiser in the Northwest States said that the average loss of cattle on the Montana ranges this year will only average about 15 per cent as against 24 per cent for last winter. These figures considering that the cattle winter themselves, seem almost incredible, but are about correct. The natural increase of stock is about 50 per cent, and the price on the hoof is about \$30.00 per

head, so that the outlook for the cattle man is bright.

The amount of machinery necessary to plant and harvest the crops of the Northwest is enormous. The labor for seed-yield and harvest is performed from the 1st of May to the 1st of October and as during the balance of the year, there is nothing for the wheat farmers to do, few can afford to hire help all the year around so that when labor is needed all want it and prices are high. And then everything must be done with a rush, so that machinery is resorted to in place of manual labor. To properly equip a farm of 100 acres with the plows, harrows, seeders, rollers, mowers and harvesters generally used requires an outlay of about \$700.00. True, none of this money need be "cash," but the fact that one, two and three years are given the farmer to pay for his implements makes it worse for he pays 8 to 10 per cent interest on his paper. The temptation to buy machines under such circumstances is very great and few farmers look ahead to see how they are coming out. The total number of agricultural machines sent out from St. Paul and Minneapolis to the Northwest for 1883 was 3,500 car loads.

The largest land and lumber sale ever made in Wisconsin was completed a few days since. The tract comprises 6,000 acres of pine lands covered by 100,000,000 feet of timber. This was purchased a few years ago for \$11,000, and has just been sold for \$100,000. This is but a repetition of sales in Michigan timber lands, and shows how the devastating axe is sweeping westward. Minnesota will come next, and then there be a jump across Dakota to Idaho, and the western territories.

The cattle plague is causing some consternation in parts of Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, but this dread disease has not as yet made havoc in the herds, and it is thought by some to be a sensational manner of working upon Congress for the passage of Senator Miller's animal industry bill. Be this as it may there is unanimity in the feeling among cattle men that there should be national or state legislation to enact measures to cope with the plague and provide against epidemics in this important branch of our industries.

One of the arguments used to induce men to come west is that there is no competition, and this theory is being enlarged upon by the western press with renewed vigor at this time because of the dullness of trade in the eastern States. In the interests of truth it should be said the merchant who comes to any of the small towns in the northwest will find enterprising merchants already established and in some instances so many of them that the trade is overdone. The dealers in hardware and agricultural implements are the more numerous class of merchants in the towns throughout Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota. Owing to the fact that the wealth of the section depends almost exclusively upon the wheat crop, there is but one time for payment of bills and debts, viz from November to January, hence where possible contracts are made with time of payment during those months. Of course the merchant who has capital to meet his obligations accruing outside of these months will be all right, but as a great many come here and start in business with little or no capital—trusting to the wheat crop and the influx of immigrants, failures in the Northwest are sadly frequent. The financial condition of Dakota is such that manufacturers vie with each other in selling as few goods as possible. But all this is not the fault of the country, but of those who are here who persist in holding it up as a place where a man needs no money to get along, and in this way bringing new comers who have no capital. As a local paper expresses it: "All that is needed to make this in reality a land of plenty is settlers who have the means to start with and energy, skill and perseverance to aid in the development of the favored region." Poor country that couldn't get along with these advantages.

PIONEER.

Special Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.

WESTERN RAMBLINGS.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 14, 1884.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—The last spoke in the great Mexican Central R. R. was driven a few days ago, and this city has been bound with "bands of steel" to the United States. But little demonstration, in way of celebrating this notable event, has yet taken place. The 4th of July is the time proposed to have a grand jollification, the heads of each government will meet in hearty congratulations. The rum from Chihuahua to this city is one of about 800 miles, through a diversified country, much of it full of peculiar interest, sometimes on the plains, and sometimes amidst mountain gorges and grand scenery. The railroad goes through some of the finest grazing lands in the world, cattle are sick and fat. Much of the range is unoccupied, awaiting the coming of that wave of an irresistible energy that is sweeping over every nook and corner of vacant domain. Arriving at this the oldest city in North America and the metropolis of Mexico, the traveler is most forcibly struck with the surrounding scenery. The city is situated on a plain surrounded mostly by mountains, seven thousand feet above the ocean level. Doubtless it was a surprise to Cortez when he emerged from the mountain gorge with his army, and for the first time looked down upon this the Empire city of not only Mexico but the new world. A magnificent lake, with islands floating on its sparkling bosom extending for miles away, temples, pal-

aces and grand works of art, adorned the vast capital spread out before him, the sight of which, no doubt fed the flame of desire to conquer in the bosom of that daring man. The city, with its splendid buildings, almost countless thousands of citizens and the beauty of its surroundings, was in a few months laid waste before the furious army of Cortez, urged on by the spirit of bigotry and a longing for great achievements. A great change has taken place since that day; the present city is built upon the ruins of the old Aztec Capital, but not so grand as that was. The present population is about 800,000 composed of a remnant of the old Aztecs population, Mexicans, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen with but few Americans proportionately speaking. The climate is fine, similar to Southern California, temperature varies but little through the year from 60 to 70 degrees. There is a considerable rain fall during the summer season. The city is laid out in parallel lines with intersecting streets at right angles. Canals from the lake are cut so as to intersect most of the streets. The beautiful twin lakes lie east of the city, and the driveway out is lined with the palm and eucalyptus trees. What are called floating islands are covered with beautiful gardens where large quantities of vegetables are raised. The valley surrounding the city contains much fertile land. Orchards, groves, and beautiful surroundings spread out for miles, meet the eye as one looks out toward the blue mountains that rise up, apparently, to meet the clear sky. The house-tops are mostly flat, and some of the people have gardens thereon, from whence one can look out over the vast city, watch the gorgeous sun sets, and take in the magnificent surroundings while fanned by the cool evening breezes. There are some fine buildings worthy of note. The Cathedral, Convent of St. Francis, the Treasury, hospitals, the School of Mines, and the University, are the most conspicuous, scientific and philosophical institutions, municipal, and national establishments are of a better class than one would expect to find. Once the city had a substantial wall around it, but it has fallen down, excepting here and there an old ancient gateway still stands as a monument of an age long since gone, some yet have, in a good state of preservation, stucco decorations just as they were left many years ago by the builders. The remains of an old aqueduct stretches out across the valley toward the castle of Chapultepec, it was an extensive work of immense value. Its decay is evidence that the people of Mexico have degenerated more or less from that state of energy and high state of architectural design the ancient inhabitants had attained. The aqueduct rests on immense arches supported by heavy masonry, through it the clear water from Chapultepec flows toward the city.

In a social point of view, Mexico is a city of refinement, many of the homes of the better classes located around the public square or plaza have finely decorated facades facing the street and their houses are well furnished with modern conveniences and costly furniture. Their carriages or coupes are of a much heavier build than those of the United States and are drawn by fine handsome horses that even the nabobs of New York city might be proud to own. Among the higher classes the rules of society are very strict. No lady will walk the streets or make calls in person in any store or shop, but sits in her carriage in front of the door and makes her wants known through her servant, the clerks carry out goods to her that she may select what she wants. A senorita is not allowed to make calls or receive friends unaccompanied by her attendant. The whites as they are called, constitute the principal portion of the upper classes, they are called Creoles and are the direct descendants of the Spaniards. The progeny of the Hispano-Indian claim to belong to the white classes, and chiefly follow the military profession, hold most of the offices under the Government. The Indians and Aztec race are the ones who raise the agricultural products. There is a class called the Mestizos who are the descendants of the different grades and classes and of all shades of color, many of whom are reduced to a state of misery and servitude. The established religion is Roman Catholic, any other is barely tolerated. The church is controlled by one archbishop, twelve bishops and a host of clergy, many of whom are of inferior distinction, suited to the character of the inferior classes. Every city or large town in Mexico is full of churches, monasteries, convents and schools. The wealth of the church is simply immense, which to maintain requires a heavy tax both by state and church to be imposed upon the citizens of Mexico.

J. S. F.

WHAT A BABY CAN DO.—A baby can wear out a dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours. It can keep its father advertising in the newspapers for a nurse. It can occupy both sides of the largest sized bed manufactured simultaneously. It can make the author of its being's wash bills foot up to \$5 a week and not feel its worth. It can crowd to suffocation the smoking car of a railroad train for two seasons. It can cause a father to be insulted by every second class boarding house keeper in the city who "never takes children." It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that if uttered on the street would send him to the Penitentiary for two years. It can, in ten minutes, drive a man frantically from his home and cause him to seek the companionship of a locomotive blowing off steam.—Philadelphia Call.

George Augustus Sala is coming to the United States to lecture.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE "LOST ARTS."

Taking their employment of the mechanical forces, and their movement of large masses from the north, we know that the Egyptians had the first, or three mechanical powers; but we cannot account for the multiplication and increase necessary to perform the wonders they accomplished.

In Boston lately, we have moved the Pelham Hotel, weighing 50,000 tons, 14 feet, and are very proud of it. And since then we moved a whole block of houses 25 feet; and I have no doubt we will write a book about it; but there is a book telling how Domitian Fontana, of the sixteenth century, set up the Egyptian obelisk at Rome on end during the papacy of Sixtus V. Wonderful! Yet the Egyptians quarried that stone and carried it 150 miles, and the Romans brought it 750 miles and never said a word about it.

Mr. Batterton, of Hartford, walking with Brunel, the architect of the Thames tunnel, in Egypt, asked him what he would write a book about it; but there is a book telling how Domitian Fontana, of the sixteenth century, set up the Egyptian obelisk at Rome on end during the papacy of Sixtus V. Wonderful! Yet the Egyptians quarried that stone and carried it 150 miles, and the Romans brought it 750 miles and never said a word about it.

We have only just begun to understand ventilation properly for our houses; yet late experiments at the pyramids in Egypt show that those Egyptian tombs were ventilated by the most perfect and scientific manner.

Again, cement is modern; for the ancients dressed and jointed their stones so closely that in building thousands of years old the thin blade of a pen knife cannot be forced between them.

The railroad dates back to Egypt. Arago has claimed that they had a knowledge of steam. A painting has been discovered of a ship full of machinery, and a French engineer said that the arrangement of the machinery could only be accounted for by supposing the motive power to have been steam. Brachia acknowledges that he took the idea of his celebrated clock from an ancient Egyptian pattern. De Mequerville says there was no social question that was not discussed to rags in Egypt.


"Well," says you, "Franklin invented the lightning rod." I have no doubt he did; but years before his invention, and before muskets were invented, the old soldiers on guard in the towers used Franklin's invention to keep guard with, and it was a spark passed between the spear head, they ran and bore the warning of the state and condition of affairs.

After that you will admit that Benjamin Franklin was not the only one who knew of the presence of electricity and the advantages derived from its use. Solomon's Temple, you will find, was situated on an exposed point of the hill; the temple was so lofty that it was then in the clouds, and the towers were exactly like that of Benjamin Franklin.

Well, I may tell you a little of ancient manufactures. The Duchess of Burgundy took a necklace from the neck of a nunny and wore it to a ball given at the Tuilleries, and everybody said they thought it was the newest thing there.

A Hindu princess came into court, and her father seeing her, said: "Go home; you are not decently covered. Go home!" and she said: "Father, I have seven suits on!" But the suit on her was a modern one. A Roman poet says: "The girl was in the poetic dress of the country." I fancy the French would be rather astonished at this. Four hundred and fifty years ago the first spinning machine was introduced in Europe. I have evidence to show that it made its appearance 2,000 years before.

VOLCANIC STATE OF SOCIETY IN MEXICO.—The tell us that the day of revolution is over in Mexico, and that the blessed time has arrived when the swords are beaten into plowshares. Yet the very air is quivering with suppressed excitement and everybody is alert with uneasiness. That you may understand what they call "a time of peace," let me cite a few circumstances: There has not been an actual revolt in this State for several months, but at the latest symptom of disturbance—such as a runaway horse, or the bursting of a gun, or the blowing over of a man, because, places are closed in a twinkling of an eye, doors are double locked and shutters clapped up to windows with an alacrity which could only have been acquired from frequent practice. When a riot actually does occur, woe to the luckless pedestrian who happens to be caught upon the streets. In an instant, before he has time to realize what it is about, every horse is securely barricaded and on no account will the pursuer get the brief storm blown over. So he has no recourse but to take to his heels, and dodge from corner to corner, amid a shower of stones or bullets, or both, with as much to fear from the soldiers on one hand as from the insurgents on the other. A few days ago, when the "nickel riot," which has been breaking out in spots all over the body politic, like a badly



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